Youth

Cleopatra / *History or Bunk?*
Forum / *Teens look at church*
Discipleship / *What does it cost?*

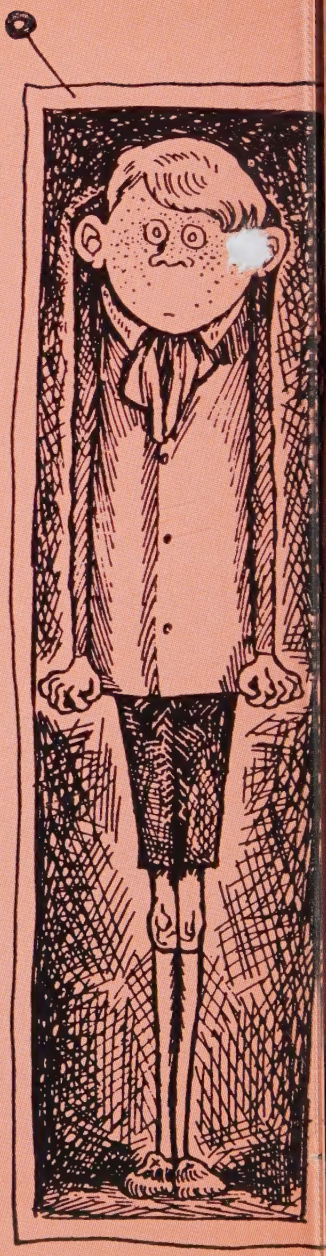
Religious Education
EXHIBIT
Pacific School of Religion

. . . IS THIS BEING FAIR TO TEENS?

WANTED: ADVICE FROM TEENS ON HOW ADULTS CAN FACE ADOLESCENCE . . .

Teenagers are a popular and prosperous topic of conversation these days. And we're wondering how you as a teenager feel about the current flood of words and case studies in newspapers, magazines, books, movies, and TV shows which try to analyze "the teen-age tyranny" in today's world and the resulting adult dilemma on how to handle teenagers. Do you feel such articles are helpful to you, your parents, and your community? Do you feel these writers are fair and sympathetic to teens? Do you think too much emphasis is being given to the normal problems of growing up? Do you believe that it is harder for you to become an adult today than it was for your parents to grow into adulthood in their youth? Do you think adults have serious reasons to panic over today's teens? Or is the whole thing one big farce?

To give you a chance to speak on these questions, we're inviting you to write us *your advice to the adult world on how to live with today's teenagers*. Be serious or humorous. Use words or pictures. Send your advice to: YOUTH magazine, Room 800, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia 2, Pa. Please mail to us by no later than *January 15, 1964*. The best replies will be printed in a future issue of YOUTH.



With tongue in cheek
and pen in checkbook,
one parent writes:

ADOLESCENCE IS A DISEASE!

Adolescence is a disease. It may not be listed in the medical books as such, but that is only because doctors are embarrassed to be reminded of something in the presence of which they are so helpless. Like the common cold, there is no cure for it. Unlike the common cold, nothing can be prescribed, such as aspirin, which will give the patient temporary relief.

Happily, the disease is not contagious. Adolescents do not give adolescence to their parents, even when they drink from the same glass or cough right into their faces. No doubt the reason for this is that adolescence, like chickenpox and mumps, is a disease that you get only once, after which you build up an immunity. It is also like chickenpox and mumps in that you usually get it early in life, and it goes harder with you if you come down with it after you are forty or so.

This rarely happens, but now and then one comes upon a case of adolescence in middle age. Such an unfortunate occurrence is usually explained by the patient's having had an extremely mild case in childhood, which failed to develop the necessary immunity. Or it may be a case that never completely ran its course but lay dormant, like diabetes or tuberculosis, ready to reappear whenever resistance was low.

Most middle-aged adolescents, however, are those who initially were struck so hard that they never recovered. They went on living, because adolescence is seldom fatal, but they were unable to throw off the disease, which lasted thirty, forty, or fifty years. I know a man 43 years old who since he was thirteen has never been free of the disease one day in his life. He wears bright-colored vests and drives a hot rod and yells himself hoarse at the high school football games and drinks too much and dances the teen-age dances and uses the current teen-age slang. His few remaining friends have considerately stopped asking, "Aren't you ever going to grow up?" Anyhow, they know he never will.

But normally the first stages of adolescence set in about twelve or thirteen, and the terms "adolescent" and "teenager" are therefore interchangeable. Often, however, adolescence begins to show itself at ten or eleven, especially in that peculiarly obnoxious creature, the pre-

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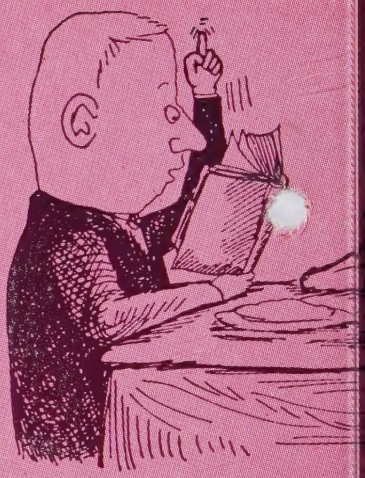


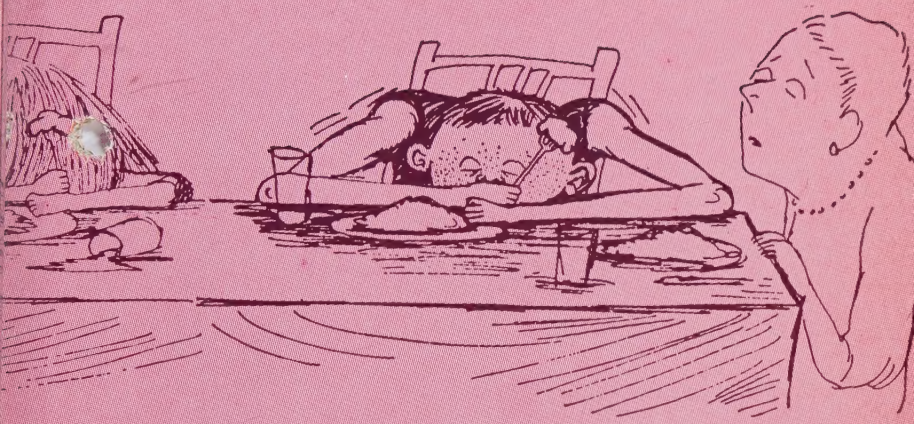
cocious child (*dementia praecox*, precocious little demon). By begi ning adolescence two or three yea earlier, such a child goes through ju that many more years of it, meanwhi brazenly pretending to have skippe adolescence entirely.

As for how it is detected, you mig look for one or more of the followin symptoms:

1. A sudden listlessness and lack ambition, in some instances accon panied by complete inability to perfor such everyday tasks as getting out bed in the morning.

2. In sharp contrast, and the sort thing that makes diagnosis difficult, th male may have a sudden desire to li heavy objects, such as bar bells, s long as the lifting serves no useful pu pose to society.

3. Periods of forgetfulness a n



nental lapse bordering on amnesia, especially regarding anything im-
portant to another member of the family, for instance the fact than an
urgent telephone call was to be returned as soon as possible. It might
be expressed this way:

A mind? Yes, he
Has one of those.
It comes, however,
And it goes.

And if, when it
Is called upon,
It mostly happens
To be gone,

Don't fret, don't shout
Don't curse the lack.
Just wait a while—
It will be back.

As for treatment of the disease, it would be a mistake to put the
dolescent in bed, having had such a time getting him out of it. He
night stay there indefinitely, getting up only when necessary to go to the
athroom or to the refrigerator.

Once it is certain a child has adolescence, should you tell him? Or,
you lack the courage, should you ask the doctor to do so? No. Not
nowing the seriousness of his illness, not knowing all that lies ahead of
im, he will think you unduly alarmed.

"Get hold of yourself," he will say, as you brush away the tears and
y to keep your lower lip from trembling too noticeably. "I'll live
rough it."

Maybe he will, you think to yourself. But will *we?*

The wise parent will fight back the impulse to tell the teen-ager what is the matter with him. Not only will adolescents never admit they are adolescents, but they resent having the term applied to them. Call them "stupid fool" or "nitwit" or "nincompoop" (which they probably wouldn't understand, anyhow, and would be too lazy to look up), but never, especially in a scornful tone of voice, "adolescent." An adolescent too often called an adolescent may do something drastic, such as run away from home. So you should be careful with the word, unless you have been looking for a way to get the child to move out.

In short, adolescents, however badly stricken, are not only beyond help but do not wish help, especially from their parents. Parents of their friends are something else again.

"Jeanne's mother and father understand me," my teen-age daughter is always saying, "even if you don't."

The interesting thing is that Jeanne's mother and father, who do indeed understand my daughter, don't understand Jeanne. We do. So when my daughter is un-understood by us, she goes to Jeanne's house, and when Jeanne is un-understood by her parents, she comes to ours. It is a fine system, a kind of two-way Lend Lease. Sometimes our daughter and theirs, each headed for the other's house, pass a few blocks away, at mid-point. The only trouble is that the teen-age girl in our house a large part of the time is not our daughter but Jeanne, and the one who seems to be a regular member

of the other household is not Jeanne but our daughter. Guests are understandably bewildered, and we grow tired of explaining. The fact that the two girls wear identical clothes and hairdos adds to the confusion. Sometimes we are not sure ourselves.

But I have been using my daughter as an example too much. There is also my son, about whom it might be said:

Our son does little, now, but grow
And that he does a lot.
He's "shooting up," we say, and so
No wonder we are shot.

Yes, adolescents are sick, and not to be held accountable for their actions. Despite what some old-fashioned penologists say, it would be unfair to put them away for a few years in a maximum-security prison. It would not only be unfair but, what is more important, it would be illegal, and you could wind up in prison yourself. You might enjoy the peace and quiet, at that.

"There ought to be a law," I have heard some parents mutter, but it was only wishful thinking. If such a law were passed, it would promptly be declared unconstitutional by some soft-hearted judge, in all likelihood a bachelor.

As of now, there is nothing to do about adolescence but let it run its course, wear itself out. There are those who optimistically take hope in the advance of science in the parallel fields of poliomyelitis, diabetes, and schizophrenia. Indeed, there may in time be not only tuberculosis stamps but adolescence stamps, and the Cancer Fund may be matched by the Adolescence Fund, aimed at supplying adequate resources for research that may lead to a scientific breakthrough. Should such a fund drive get underway, hundreds of thousands of volunteer workers stand ready to canvass every home in the land, taking with them stickers bearing such forthright, crusading slogans as "Stamp Out Adolescence" and "We Gave."

Some day a Dr. Salk will probably come along with a vaccine for adolescence. If so, the only question will be which Nobel Prize he should get—the one for medicine or the one for peace.

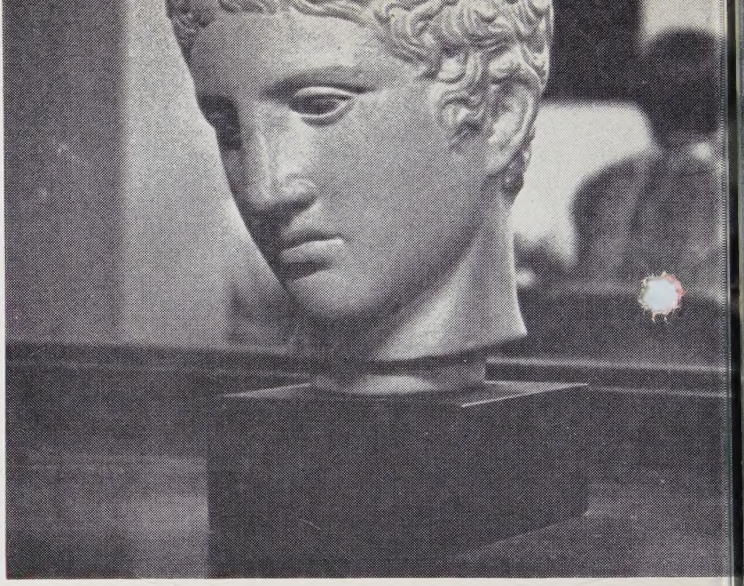
But until then, my advice to parents of teen-agers is to remember that these young people are sick. Be kind. Visit them only during visiting hours and only when bearing gifts of candy, clothing, electronic gadgets, and money—especially money.

As for corporal punishment, you wouldn't hit an invalid, would you?

—RICHARD ARMOUR

Excerpted from **Through Darkest Adolescence** by Richard Armour, drawings by Susan Perl, with permission of McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc.

YOUTH FORUM



teens tell how their local church helps the

My local church helps me most when:

I am in one of my "nobody loves me" moods. In church everybody i everyone else's friend.

—Janet Patton, Evansville, In

I need friends I can be proud of and people of my own age who can l understanding.

—John Parkyn, LaCrosse, W

I go to church and participate in its work. By doing this, I help other but I also help myself to mature, develop my belief in Christ, and lea the way I should live.

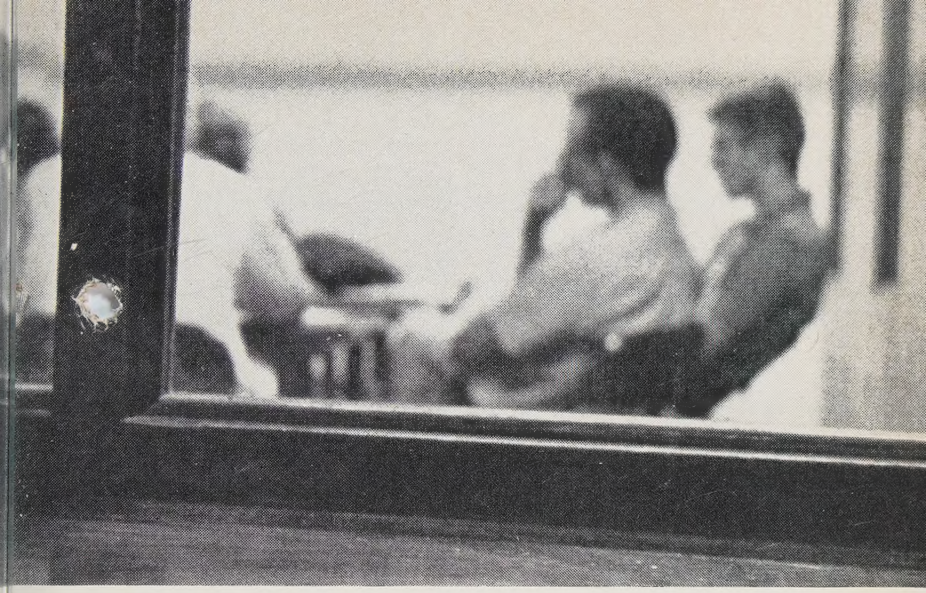
—Pat Wagoner, Elon College, N.

The church speaks out and takes an aggressive step in dealing with co troversial issues. It helps me when people show the courage of the convictions and do all they can to help the struggles of the oppressed . such as the Negro question.

—Denny Smith, Haywood, Ca

It has Lenten study meetings in which young adults and older adults ca explore their faith together and give and take of their experiences an feelings equally and freely.

—Peggy Swain, St. Paul, Min



—and fails to help!

I have a problem I can't discuss with my parents, I find I can very easily discuss it with my minister and this seems to lighten the load.
—Mary Alice Yegerlehner, Clay City, Ind.

I am having problems at school or I have religious questions. I am getting so that I can talk problems out with the youth group at church more easily than with my parents. The youth group understands me and some of them have my same problems. —Leone Parks, Vernal, Utah.

Things aren't going the best for me, I can fall back on the things my church has taught me through the past years. —Brenda Wherry, Lisbon, Ohio

My biggest concern about my local church is:

Its willingness to stay in the same old rut and to pay as little attention as possible to its surroundings. —M. M. M.

That not only the youth, but also the adults seem to have no spirit to do things, or to participate in activities. They always want to be entertained, but nothing ever really satisfies them. —M. R.

Some of the people have to have things done their own way and wo
compromise. —N.

Sometimes they inadvertently ignore you as a person like you re n
supposed to exist. —K.

My church has advanced so much in the past two years along the ne
ideas that I feel I have no complaints to voice. —C.

That the older people seem to run "everything." Very, very seldom a
we given the chance to express our opinions as youth. —J.

We are hesitant to act as Christians and we often pretend we are u
aware of existing needs. —B.

Its concern with financial worries like a big business trying to ma
money. —J.

People are too worried about keeping their jobs in town to really gi
all they have to the church work. —L.

Our church feels that it is active. It is. But we just go through the m
tions. There seems to be no meaning in the work. —R.

Its lack of a sense of what it really means to be a church: a church unite
in the loving service of Christ. —S.

We most often fail to live up to Christ's teachings when:

We are in a crowd. Even a "Christian crowd" can have an almost "mo
instinct" and do things the individual would never do.

—Cherie Moore, Troy, Oh

We fail to do those things we should do. Most Christians do not si
because they do something wrong but because they don't do somethin
right. We let chances to help someone or to be a better Christian sli
by if such chances to witness require sacrifice on our part.

—John Paulson, Big Timber, Mon

o live up to Christ's teachings?

Ve sit in the grandstand and watch the church go by, saying "That's not ıy problem, that's someone else's problem." —Diann Shank, Hagerstown, Md.

Ve become involved with a disease known as "selfism." We become so orried about our problems and ourselves that we forget that one of the reatest lessons Christ taught was service to others.—Jill Sutter, Eaton, Colo.

Ve fail to love. We cease to be "Christian" when we stop exerting a oncern for all that is life. This concern may be shown through a seemıg dissatisfaction, a quiet understanding, a disturbance of peace. Love ; a force as well as a sense: a force which can change men.

—Sandra Silverberg, Sturbridge, Mass.

Ve think of ourselves only. —Linda Snyder, Clear Spring, Md.

Ve do not allow Negroes to join our church, our "free to all" church. Ve are in this way hypocrites and our religion is a farce.

—Bobbi Walker, Tulsa, Okla.

Ve have to pick between two people. Either to follow the group or omeone who would prove to be a loyal friend.

—Bill Ostenson, Columbus, Mont.

Ve feel compelled to join the crowd and in being afraid of being left out e often do what they do whether it goes against our personal beliefs or ot. —Jayne Wolgamott, Melbourne, Ia.

Ve act as we do today in the world. We quarrel over the most trivial nings. It makes me sick! —Leone Parks, Vernal, Utah

Ve allow our city, state, and national governments to be partly run by rooked politicians. So often honest people aren't elected anymore.

—Janet Patton, Evansville, Ind.

Ve feel that Christ is only in the church. Most of us leave Him there hen we leave on Sunday morning. —Brenda Wherry, Lisbon, Ohio

Dietrich Bonhoeffer was executed in a Nazi concentration camp only a f months before the end of World War II. His death is a major loss to t church of this century. In 1936, when he was at Berlin University, he w forbidden to teach by the Nazi regime. His insistence on preserving t faith of the German Christian Church in opposition to the regime, and h rise as one of the church's major spokesmen, made him suspect. In 1944 was arrested and spent 18 months in prisons before his death. Bonhoeff had no illusions about twentieth century Christianity; he saw its h cris and its failings, and he sought to correct them. He advocated a "religio less" Christianity; that is, a faith which frees itself of all preconcepti about what is "religious" and strives to become more relevant to the secu worlds in which we live today. Bonhoeffer was not afraid of losing all t forms and trappings of the established church in order to find a real fai During his imprisonment he became friendly with his guards and was a lowed to write his family and friends. These letters, plus some poems, a published in a highly personal and inspirational book called *Prisoner F God*. On the following pages are excerpts from one of his most famo works, *The Cost of Discipleship*, in which he explains the real cost one mu pay if one dares to call oneself a Christian.

THE COST OF DISCIPLESHIP

Revival of church life always brings in its train a richer understandi of the Scriptures. Behind all the slogans and catchwords of ecclesiastic controversy, necessary though they are, there arises a more determine quest for him who is the sole object of it all, for Jesus Christ himsel What did Jesus mean to say to us? What is his will for us today? Ho can he help us to be good Christians in the modern world? In the la resort, what we want to know is not, what would this or that man, this or that Church, have of us, but what Jesus Christ himself wants us . . .

What can the call to discipleship mean today for the worker, the bus ness man, the squire and the soldier? Does it not lead to an intolerab dichotomy between our lives as workers in the world and our lives Christians? If Christianity means following Christ, is it not a religion f a small minority, a spiritual elite? Does it not mean the repudiation the great mass of society, and a hearty contempt for the weak and th poor? Yet surely such an attitude is the exact opposition of the graciou

nercy of Jesus Christ, who came to the publicans nd sinners, the weak and the poor, the erring and ne hopeless. Are those who belong to Jesus only a ew, or are they many? He died on the cross alone, bandoned by his disciples. With him were crucified, ot two of his followers, but two murderers. But they ll stood beneath the cross, enemies and believers, oubte nd cowards, revilers and devoted followrs. His prayer, in that hour, and his forgiveness, as meant for them all, and for all their sins. The nercy and love of God are at work even in the nidst of his enemies. It is the same Jesus Christ, who f his grace calls us to follow him, and whose grace aves the murderer who mocks him on the cross in is last hour.

And if we answer the call to discipleship, where vill it lead us? What decisions and partings will it emand? To answer this question we shall have to o to him, for only he knows the answer. Only Jesus Christ, who bids us follow him, knows the journey's nd. But we do know that it will be a road of boundless mercy. Discipleship means joy.

In the modern world it seems so difficult to walk vith absolute certainty in the narrow way of ecclesistical decision and yet remain in the broad open paces of the universal love of Christ. of the patience, nercy and "philosophy" of God (Titus 3: 4) for the veak and the ungodly. Yet somehow or other we nust combine the two, or else we shall follow the baths of men. May God grant us joy as we strive earnestly to follow the way of discipleship. May we e enabled to say "No" to sin and "Yes" to the inner. May we withstand our foes, and yet hold out to them the Word of the gospel which woos and vins the souls of men. "Come unto me, all ye that abour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am eek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is ight" (Matt. 11: 28ff).

PAGES FROM A PHILOSOPHER'S NOTEBOOK

A young man once decided he would sit back and watch the world go by, so he sat . . .

And nobody missed him.

Costly grace is the kingly

Cheap grace is the deadly enemy of our Churc We are fighting today for costly grace.

Cheap grace means grace sold on the market li cheapjacks' wares. The sacraments, the forgivene of sin, and the consolations of religion ar brow away at cut prices. Grace is represented as t Church's inexhaustible treasury, from which s showers blessings with generous hands, without as ing questions or fixing limits. Grace without pric grace without cost! The essence of grace, we su pose, is that the account has been paid in advanc and. because it has been paid, everything can be ha for nothing. Since the cost was infinite, the pos bilities of using and spending it are infinite. Wh would grace be if it were not cheap?

Cheap grace means grace as a doctrine, a pri ciple, a system. It means forgiveness of sins pr claimed as a general truth, the love of God taught the Christian "conception" of God. An intellectu assent to that idea is held to be of itself sufficient secure remission of sins. The Church which hol the correct doctrine of grace has, it is suppose *ipso facto* a part in that grace. In such a Churc the world finds a cheap covering for its sins; n contrition is required, still less any real desire to b delivered from sin. Cheap grace therefore amoun to a denial of the living Word of God, in fact, denial of the Incarnation of the Word of God.

Cheap grace means the justification of sin witho the justification of the sinner. Grace alone doe everything, they say, and so everything can remai as it was before. "All for sin could not atone." Th world goes on in the same old way, and we are sti sinners "even in the best life" as Luther said. We then, let the Christian live like the rest of the worl let him model himself on the world's standards every sphere of life, and not presumptuously aspir to live a different life under grace from his old li

Christ, for whose sake a man gives his all

under sin. . . . Instead of following Christ, let the Christian enjoy the consolations of his grace! That is what we mean by cheap grace, the grace which amounts to the justification of sin without the justification of the repentant sinner who departs from sin and from whom sin departs. Cheap grace is not the kind of forgiveness which frees us from the coils of sin. Cheap grace is the grace we bestow on ourselves.

Cheap grace is the preaching of forgiveness without requiring repentance, baptism without church discipline, Communion without confession, absolution without personal confession. Cheap grace is grace without discipleship, grace without the cross, grace without Jesus Christ, living and incarnate.

Costly grace is the treasure hidden in the field; for the sake of it a man will gladly go and sell all that he has. It is the pearl of great price to buy which the merchant will sell all his goods. It is the kingly rule of Christ, for whose sake a man will pluck out the eye which causes him to stumble; it is the call of Jesus Christ at which the disciple leaves his nets and follows him.

Costly grace is the gospel which must be *sought* again and again, the gift which must be *asked* for, the door at which a man must *knock*.

Such grace is *costly* because it calls us to follow, and it is *grace* because it calls us to follow *Jesus Christ*. It is costly because it costs a man his life, and it is grace because it gives a man the only true life. It is costly because it condemns sin, and grace because it justifies the sinner. Above all, it is *costly* because it cost God the life of his Son: "ye were bought at a price," and what has cost God much cannot be cheap for us. Above all, it is *grace* because God did not reckon his Son too dear a price to pay for our life, but delivered him up for us. Costly grace is the Incarnation of God.

Costly grace is the sanctuary of God; it has to be protected from the world, and not thrown to the dogs. It is therefore the living word, the Word of God, which he speaks as it pleases him. Costly grace confronts us as a gracious call to follow Jesus, it comes as a word of forgiveness to the broken spirit and the contrite heart. Grace is costly because it compels a man to submit to the yoke of Christ and follow him; it is grace because Jesus says: "My yoke is easy and my burden is light."

—DIETRICH BONHOEFFER

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CLEOPA

The film, *Cleopatra*, can be viewed sympathetically by historians. It is interpretation of the interests and emotions of Julius Caesar, Mark Antony Cleopatra, Octavian (later Augustus Caesar), and others, from the time Caesar's victory over Pompey at Pharsalia (48 B.C.) to the death of Cleopatra (30 B.C.). The compassion of historians will stem from their knowledge that this beclouded—even befouled—period of history has been battlefield in historiography for 2,000 years.

Historians M. P. Charlesworth and W. W. Tarn, writing in *The Cambridge Ancient History*, are at home in this period of Roman history. Y

RA HISTORY OR BUNK?

Even they wander from closet to closet looking for the right broom to sweep away the cobwebs which crowd the corners of this piece of time. It is their conclusion, after studying contradictory sources, and noting the lack of any sources in some areas, that "all the historian can hope to do is to set forth a probable story based upon close examination of the sources and a sympathetic study of the chief actors."

The screenplay writers of *Cleopatra* state that they have drawn upon Plutarch, Suetonius, Dion Cassius, Appian, Cicero, and Josephus. And so they have. None of these was a contemporary of the people and the events

about which they write, except Cicero. And Cicero, apart from his h tility to Caesar and Antony, was murdered in 43 B.C. So he had nothing say about the major segment of time chronicled in the film. It would pear that Plutarch's lives of Caesar and Antony are a major source for film. C. M. Franzero's *The Life and Times of Cleopatra* (1957) is knowledged as the book on which the film is based.

What I intend to do now is to hit the high points in the four-hour fi and indicate the extent to which character delineation is sound and eve reasonably presented in the light of limitations conceded by historians.

Caesar—Soldier, Statesman, Lover: The first impression given the filmgo is Caesar's generosity at Pharsalia. He pardons the defeated Pompey's o cers, who are brought before him in chains, while warning them that th will be watched. This is no effort to establish Caesar (Rex Harrison) as o of the good guys. It was Caesar's policy to deal generously with his enemi He might well have had some second thoughts about this practice duri his final moments, for among some 60 conspirators who plotted his assassi tion were a number whom he had spared previously. They included Brut and Cassius, who had fought against him at Pharsalia. In casting R Harrison to play Caesar, Joseph L. Mankiewicz, director, would not ha displeased Suetonius, who has left on record Caesar's tall figure, his cle complexion, his dark eyes with their quick glance, the studied elaborati of his dress.

After Pharsalia, the cameras move Caesar to Egypt, where he finds th Cleopatra has been forced off the throne by her younger brother. Histor cally, Cleopatra and her brother, Ptolemy XII, shared the throne of Egyp in accordance with their father's will. Pompey had been entrusted with e forcing its provisions. So Caesar was not too happy with young Ptolem who soon drowns in an unfilmed battle sequence.

In the film, Cleopatra is smuggled into the palace from which she ha been ousted by her brother's advisers. She is carried into Caesar's apar ment, wrapped in a carpet. Historians differ over the wrapping, but the largely accept the account of this bizarre first contact between Caesar an Cleopatra. What does not ring right in the film version is Caesar's trea mentment of Cleopatra as an impudent child. After all, Cleopatra was 2 years old, by the film makers' own reckoning (22, according to *The Cam bridge Ancient History, IX, 670*). She had been well-educated, was skilled organizer, spoke several languages, and knew her way around court Historian W. W. Tarn writes: "She was not especially beautiful, but sh had a wonderful voice and the seductiveness which attracts men, and sh was intensely alive, tireless, and quite fearless. . . ." In any event, Caesa at age 52, was fired by a passion for Cleopatra. It kept him in Alexandr long after most historians would have had him facing domestic and foreig problems that were bringing the Roman Republic to ruin. The film make skirt the problems besetting the Republic. They do, however, state explicit

Cleopatra with Asiopy

Cleopatra with C

Octavian (center) and Roman senators debate Rome's fu

that Egypt was needed by Rome as a source of corn, wheat, and gold. the film, Caesar does not leave Cleopatra until their son, Caesarion, is bo He raises the child aloft, thus signifying that he recognized the paternity the child. This is a touching sequence, but the weight of historical opin puts Caesar out of Alexandria before the child was born. A minority of torians even dispute the paternity of Cleopatra's first-born.

Later, when Cleopatra comes to visit Caesar in Rome, film viewers treated to a spectacle of dancing Nubian girls, acrobats, and floats, topp by Elizabeth Taylor, nestled in the forepaws of a huge sphinx, high ab the cheering Roman crowd. Surely, this is a Hollywood invention. Not tirely. Caesar, regarded by Plutarch as a demagogue, entertained lavis and arranged exhibitions that endeared him to the lower classes. It is unthinkable that he staged Cleopatra's entry into Rome, although he lac the experience of 20th Century-Fox.

Caesar's assassination (44 B.C.) may not satisfy nit-pickers, who will member that he was seated in the Senate at the time of the stabbings, rat than walking in the hall. More important than this detail, however, is effort of the film makers to establish Caesar's desire to be proclaimed peror, and his personal bravery, despite warnings of the fate that might fall him if he went to the Senate on the Ides of March. Historians di about Caesar's commitment to end the Republic. In the film, he gathe core of influential senators in a private audience, with Cleopatra pres and informs them imperiously of his desire to be named Emperor.

orians E. Meyer and J. Carcopino emphasize Caesar's monarchical bent, but Adcock contends that Caesar never came to a final resolve to end the Republic. His immediate plans called for a war against far-off Parthia. It does not seem likely that he would time his departure from Rome with the overthrow of the Republic.

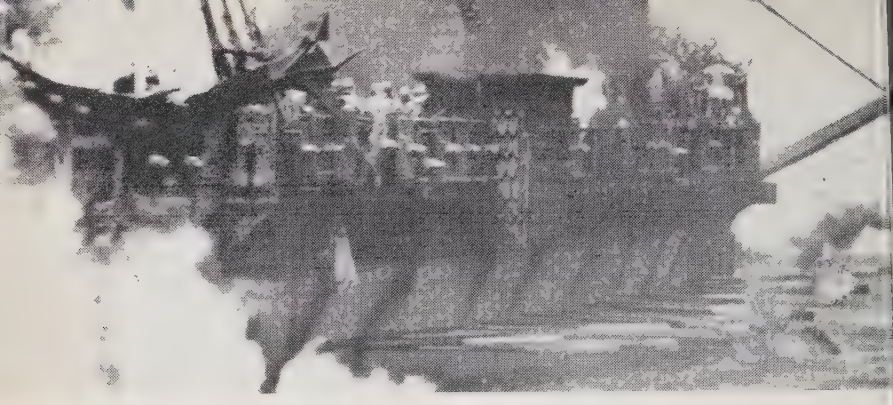
Since Cleopatra was in Rome at the time of her benefactor's assassination, her departure for Egypt is portrayed in the film. We are asked to believe that she left the same night, despite Antony's entreaties. Most historians are inclined to believe that she left some weeks after Caesar's death.

Antony—Second Fiddle: In the first half of the film, Antony (Richard Burton) plays second fiddle. This, it seems, was his role in history, "He was born to be second, not first; as he had been with Caesar, so he was to be with Cleopatra and Octavian," in Tarn's opinion. He describes Antony as a blunt, jovial soldier, the "darling of his troops," whose statesmanlike qualities may be adduced from his ultimate organization of the East, which was to endure, though under another.

Caesar had appraised his courage and vigor and had found a use for him. Plutarch tells us that Antony had earned "an ill name for familiarity with other people's wives." But Caesar, writes Plutarch, by dealing gently with Antony's errors "succeeded in curing him of a good deal of folly and extravagance." His one great misfortune, Plutarch adds, was that he fell into Cleopatra's snare.

Antony had sided with Caesar during the civil war which toppled Pompey. And, as enacted in the film, it was necessary to use a ruse to get Antony away from Caesar, as they entered the Senate together on the day of the planned assassination. This was necessary so that the conspirators might kill Caesar with greater security. Although Mankiewicz elected to have Antony's funeral oration for Caesar drowned out by the mob, rather than compete with Shakespeare, the effect of the oration, reported by Suetonius, and depicted in the film, was to incite the mob to violence against the conspirators; not too hard a job, because the aristocratic Caesar had been popular with the lower classes. The residual effect, two years after Caesar's death, was that Antony led the forces against the conspirators, and Brutus committed suicide on the field at Philippi (42 B.C.).

Some three years are understandably telescoped by the screenplay writers until Antony and Cleopatra are joined at Tarsus, in Asia Minor (41 B.C.). Here again, we are treated to the kind of spectacle on the Cydnus River, for which Hollywood has been flayed. Cleopatra sails to Antony on a royal barge, rowed by banks of silver-mounted oars, with "outspread sails of purple." On the deck, a number of seductive slave women are grouped, costumed as sea nymphs. Cleopatra herself "lay under a canopy of cloth of gold," dressed in the loose shimmering robes of the goddess Venus. The source is Plutarch. We are thus confronted not with a desire to pyramid film costs to nearly $40,000,000, but a studied effort to capture the style of the serpent of the Nile



The Battle at Acti

Cleopatra's motives for her liaison with Antony are a compound of s and politics, although the former is given top priority in the film. W Durant's objectivity, hardened by a 2000-year perspective, supports t position that "Cleopatra must have loved Antony for something else th his wine-puffed cheeks and Caesar for some other charm than his eagl head and nose. . . . She herself was not in love. She knew Egypt, rich b weak, would soon attract the cupidity of omnipotent Rome; the only salv tion for her country and her throne lay in marriage with Rome's lord (*Caesar and Christ,* 204.)

And some historians do not support the role of weakling assigned Antony. When he hears the news that the Parthians had invaded Syria, h leaves Cleopatra and does not return for four years (40-37 B.C.). Durin the four-year absence, Antony marries Octavia, sister of Octavian, primaril for political reasons. Antony's first wife had died while aiding her erra husband against Octavian.

Antony does return to Cleopatra and marries her, long before he formall divorces Octavia. This is a personal item which adds to Octavian's rage.

Octavian: From the first, as a youth of 18, who had been designated a as Caesar's heir, he had been treated contemptuously by Antony. But th reasons for the death struggle between Octavian and Antony were mor compelling than personal pique or tenderness for a wronged sister. Octavia is portrayed in the film as a coward and conniver. Gibbon describe Octavian as a "subtle tyrant. A cool head, an unfeeling heart, and cowardly disposition, prompted him at the age of 19 to assume the mas of hypocrisy, which he never afterwards laid aside."

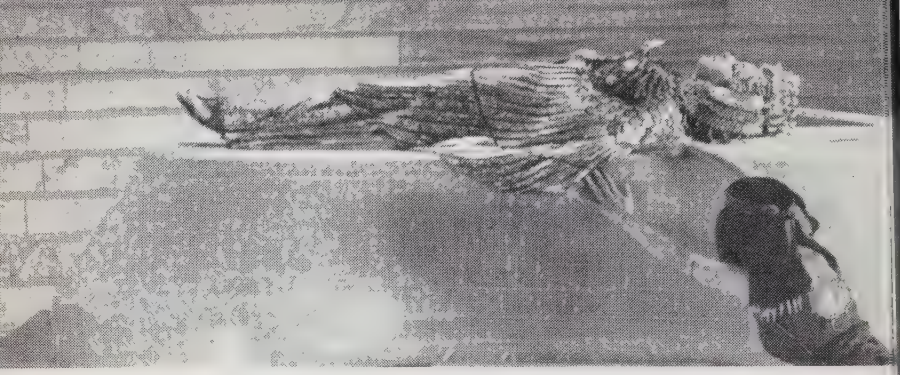
But Octavian perceived the danger that the Roman Empire might b dominated by Egypt under the joint rulership of Antony and Cleopatra Octavian had obtained Antony's will by force from the Vestal Virgins i Rome. One of the telling provisions of the will, read to the Senate b Octavian, was that Antony desired to be buried in Alexandria, besid Cleopatra. It is not, however, made clear in the film that to Romans of a

asses this meant that Antony intended to shift the capital of the Empire to lexandria. It soured Antony's popularity and hastened the Senate's declara-on of war against Cleopatra, the foreign enemy.

Actium and the Asp:" Cleopatra now realized that it was "one world" or her and Antony, or no world. Early in the film, there is a contemporary ng to Cleopatra's talk of "one world" to Julius Caesar. Over the years, e had not lost sight of her goal—to be queen of a unified Mediterranean orld. She saw that Egypt could no longer be independent of Rome and new no reason why she should not dominate their union. Antony was to e her instrument for this achievement, since Caesar had fallen too soon. Ac-rding to a prophecy of the time, Cleopatra was to be "the ruler who ould carry on Alexander's dream of a human brotherhood." (*C.A.H.*, *X*, 3.) The film makers would have us believe that the decision to fight at a was Cleopatra's. Since Antony's military experience was on land, this akes him out to be either a great fool or completely spineless. In the film, ntony's generals plead with him to make the fight on land, rather than ave puking infantry fight for him at sea; but Antony, it seems, knew who as paying the piper and calling the tune.

The film fails to make clear that prior to the disastrous sea battle at ctium (31 B.C.), "Antony had been beaten on land, and the men, eakened by disease and short rations, disheartened by the desertion of fficers, and suspicious that they were really fighting for Cleopatra, were inking that it was time to end it." (*C.A.H. X, 103-104*) A facet not de-eloped in the film is that while most legionnaires admired Antony as a an and soldier, they hated war against fellow citizens. Antony's officers etested Cleopatra. (Fritz M. Heichelheim and Cedric A. Yeo. *A History f the Roman People,* 1962.)

The high point in the film's naval sequence is the craven flight of Antony om his embattled flagship, when he saw Cleopatra's ship sailing toward gypt. The film makers have the support of Plutarch, who reports that leopatra "had an eye to flight, and ordered all her affairs, not so as to



Cleopatra's death

assist in gaining a victory but to escape with the greatest safety from first commencement of defeat." Historians less hostile to Cleopatra sugg that she had set sail on a prearranged signal from Antony and this abled him to catch up with her vessel and board it. Also, Antony did leave alone, in the company of a few men in what is filmed as an ov sized rowboat, but left the battle scene with some 40 ships of his squadr

The rest of the way for Antony and Cleopatra was downhill. Histori agree that he was a broken man, and the film makers are right in hav him mope about ship and beach. He does launch one final desperate milita effort against Octavian; but his meager forces desert him. On his retu to Alexandria, he hears that Cleopatra is dead. He stabs himself, l does not die immediately. Cleopatra learns that he is dying and has h hoisted to the upper room of the monument in which she has taken refu from Octavian's invading army. He dies in her arms. There is agreeme among historians about the plausibility of these details.

The account of Cleopatra's death by the sting of an asp, accepted Suetonius and Plutarch, is a story in itself. The film makers fail to ma clear that Cleopatra had entered into unsuccessful negotiations with C tavian. There was the prospect that Octavian planned to take her back Rome as a prisoner. Some historians would have us believe that Octavi forced her suicide, since he could not bring himself to kill her as he h her sons. The latter murders were "a final brutality of a brutal ag (*C.A.H., X, 109.*)

"Cleopatra" Evaluated: The film is an epic of its kind. Its interpretatio of the motivations and behavior of the leading figures during the final yea of the Roman Republic is likely to be fastened in the public mind. critical-minded student of Roman history will be completely satisfied by t current interpretation of *Cleopatra.* But, history has been defined as imaginative reconstruction of the past, and *Cleopatra* is a landmark wit that defined border.

—HOWARD L. HURWITZ

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youth in the NEWS

ays U. S. Overlooks outh's Human Rights

Supreme Court Associate Justice Arthur J. Goldberg, in speaking at the Washington (Episcopal) athedral in the nation's capital, aid: "We Americans tend to ress young people's responsibilies—to the home, church, community, world . . . and occasionlly forget that young people have uman rights."

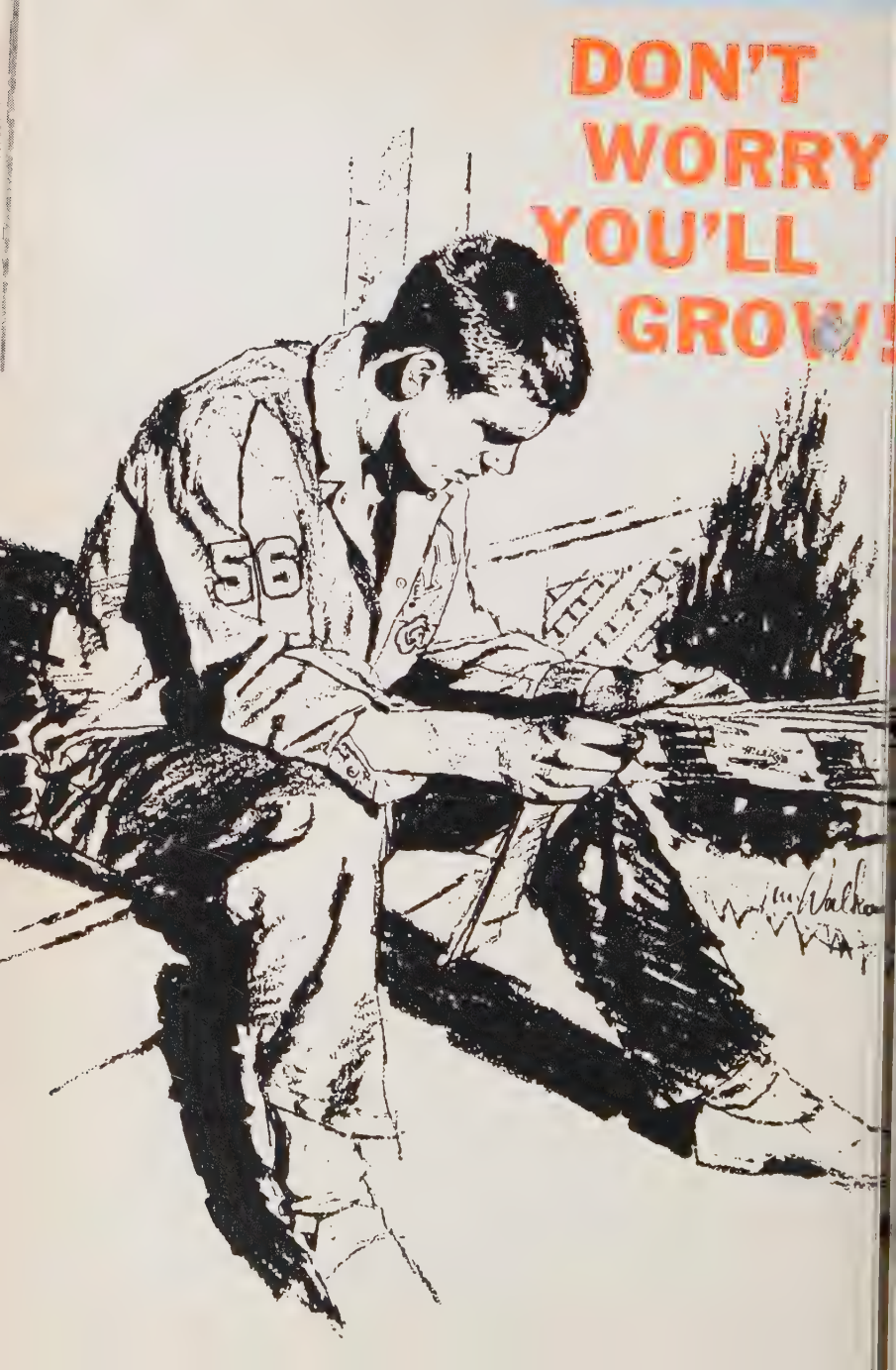
"Youth is a precious asset," he ent on, and the listed three areas which youth are being negected: in being provided a propr home, in being provided an eduation for which they are qualified, nd in being provided work for hich they are capable.

The former Secretary of Labor aid about one million youth out of chools are without useful employnent. He added that during the ext decade 26,000,000 more outh will enter the labor market, f which 7,500,000 will be "droputs"—those not completing high chool. If this situation is not remdied, he said, "the consequences or youth will be disastrous, and or society even more so."

TA Magazine Questions igarette Ads "for adults"

The official magazine of the Naonal Congress of Parents and eachers has labeled a current garette advertising campaign aiming to appeal only to adults cynical. The magazine said that a TV advertisement said recently that some cigarette firms are directing their ads to grownups instead of adolescents. The magazine said that the ad showed an athlete admiring a trophy and lighting a cigarette with teenagers admiring him. "They eye the coveted trophy of manhood—and we don't mean the silver cup," the PTA magazine said. "Does your TV station broadcast this cynical ad to help your teenager find the tobacco road to manhood?"

With more than 1,000 freckles Mary Lynn Gary of Schenectady, N. Y., was given the title of "America's Most Beautiful Freckled Teenager" for 1963 by Teen Magazine.


DON'T
WORRY
YOU'LL
GROW!
56

'ulling on his jacket, Shorty Ennis dashed out of the front door on his way o the big game. He hurried past the daily paper, neatly folded but hrown in the privet hedge, and halted. He picked it up, looked around varily, unfolded it, and quickly scanned a certain page.

"Well," said Shorty. "It's about time." He sat down on the step, his heart beating hard. There it was—his letter—after weeks of waiting.

"Talks to Teens, by Buckley Means," read the title of the column, and hen in small print, "Let Buck Means, a former teen-ager, now a counselor t Jefferson Heights High School, solve your problem. Got a problem? Vrite it to Buck in care of this paper."

His letter was at the head of today's column. In print it hardly seemed is own, but the words were the same.

Dear Buck,

"My problem is that I'm too short. I am too short to play on the football r basketball team. Last week I signed up for intramural boxing. The oach called me in today and said there was no one to fight with me in my veight class, and he'd see if he could get someone up from junior high chool. I told him no and withdrew my name. Also, I asked three girls to he Sock Hop and they all turned me down. What shall I do?

"Half Pint"

The name was a pseudonym, of course. If he'd written "Shorty," which vas what everyone called him, the other kids who read the column would now who it was.

Buck's reply followed. It was brief. Shorty, almost afraid to read, read.

"Try writing for the school paper. Can you get a job on the yearbook? Iany boys do not get their full growth till they are out of high school. Don't worry, you'll grow."

Shorty read the answer again. He reread his own letter and then the nswer once more. He started to tear out the column, but stopped; the mily would wonder at the hole. He folded the paper carefully, tossed it ack on the step, and started down the street.

"Don't worry, you'll grow. Don't worry, you'll grow," drummed through is head.

"Yes, but *when?*" said Shorty out loud. "And how can I write for school paper when all I get is a stinking C minus in English?"

He stopped and frowned. His letter had been cut. They hadn't prin all that part about girls being called petite and cute when *they* were sh and how the big guys always go with the tiniest girls instead of leav them for the short guys. And how short guys are called shrimp or runt other uncomplimentary names. Well, maybe there wasn't space. Bu would seem that Buck's answer might have been longer.

Still, the answer made him feel vaguely better. Many boys, said B Means, didn't grow till they were out of high school! Don't worry! scooped up a handful of snow in front of Quint Johnson's house and chuc it at the door. Quint's head popped out.

"C'mon, scum," called Shorty, "or we'll miss the tip-off."

Quint, who was still in junior high and was flattered to be called anyth by a high schooler, emerged capped and muffled.

"We're sure lucky Uncle Lewie got the flu," Quint said as they star down the street. "His seats are good, and I haven't been to a univers game this year. We're predicted to win 78-70."

Shorty walked in silence. "Don't worry—you'll grow," kept going throu his head; and already, somehow, he felt taller.

Like small rivulets joining and flowing into ever bigger streams, crowds increased as they neared the gymnasium till they were being swe along in a river of pretty college girls, tall fraternity boys, townspeople a out-of-towners. Shorty, feeling almost gay, bought a monkey on a stick.

But at their entrance to the gymnasium, his gaiety suddenly vanish Waiting by the side, almost hidden by the crowds, stood a little man. N just a short man. A *wee* man. A man no taller than his waist, no taller th a two year old, yet with a huge adult face and adult feet. He wore a n business suit that would have fit Charlie McCarthy, and a regular siz man's hat and shoes.

The crowds swirled the boys through the door and the manikin was l to sight. Shorty felt sick in his stomach as they hunted for their seats.

"We're in plenty of time after all," said Quint. "Let's buy a program."

Shorty stopped. "You go on," he said. "I just remembered somethi I'll be right along." He turned back toward the exit.

"Heck, what's the matter?" cried Quint. "Do you have to go now? W it take long?"

"No," said Shorty. "I'll only be a few minutes. Here, give me my st so I can get back in."

He walked swiftly back, bucking the tide. For some reason he felt co pelled to see the little man again. Would he still be there? He almost hop he'd be gone—but no—he was still by the concrete column, looking at watch, peering down the sidewalk.

Shorty backed into the cement on the other side where he could ca

impses and pretend to be waiting, too. He played with the monkey on a ck. He felt ashamed and yet fascinated. Where was the man's body? He as all head and feet.

Shorty didn't feel like going to the game any longer. Or watching the tle man, either, who had the quite human emotion of annoyance-at-waiting his face. "Here," he said thrusting his monkey at a surprised child and owed and jostled his way through the surge. Let Quint wonder. When didn how up he'd guess he'd lost his stub and couldn't get back in.

After a block or two the crowd thinned, and soon, except for a hurrying tecomer or two, he was alone. He tramped angrily.

"O.K.," he said. "I'll write for the school paper. I'll be an interviewer. l interview all sorts of interesting people. Or queer people. I'll say, 'I ways thought I was short, but wait till you hear about a guy I saw at the me Saturday. Tell me sir, How does it feel to walk under tables? Do u date at Miss Tyler's Nursery School? Do you—' " he stopped. "I'll be asted clever," he said morosely.

"Don't worry," mocked the voice in his mind. "You'll grow."

"How the heck do *you* know I'll grow?" he stopped and growled aloud. Vho are *you* to tell me I'll grow? My doctor? God?"

What if, when *he* was in high school, if he ever went to high school, that tle man had written to Buck Means? "I am only two feet tall and nobody ill dance with me, what shall I do?"

"Don't worry," said Buck Means. "You'll grow!"

But what if you didn't? *That* man hadn't.

He noticed that he was almost home. Mother would say, "Why aren't you the game?" He slowed down his angry walk and stared at the ground.

In front of the corner gas station, Pint Andrews was drinking a Coke. Hey there, Shorty!" he called. "Thought I saw you off to the game."

"Didn't feel like it." Shorty came over and fumbled in his pocket for a ckel.

"Forget it," said Pint, and pulled a handful of coins from his pocket, "It's me." He lifted the cold bottle from the slot, and Shorty uncapped it.

"Grease job," he said, ducking under a Ford on the rack. Shorty stood ongside watching while Pint triggered loud reports of grease into various nall holes. After a few moments he paused and grinned companionably.

"Say," blurted Shorty, swallowing his last gulp, "did they call you Pint hen you were in high school?"

Pint shot him a quick look. "Always called me Pint," he said.

Shorty waited till another pause in the grease gun. "Did you—well, did u *mind?*"

"Sure I minded," said Pint. He put down the gun. "Got a tire to fix," he id motioning to a wheel propped against the wall. "Give me a hand."

He rolled it to a clear space and spanked it flat. With a few deft motions a forked lever he had the tire off the hub. Shorty pulled the limp inner

tube out, like the huge intestine from some black stomach, and lookec the break. It was not visible.

"Yeah," mused Pint, while blowing up the tube. "It was lousy b short. Couldn't do this—couldn't do that—all the big guys got all glory. And the girls—you got a girl?"

Shorty colored and shook his head.

"Well," said Pint, "it was lousy. I was a real little stinker. Mean c Always had my mitts up. Fighting all the time."

"You?" asked Shorty. Pint had never struck him as the scrappy sort.

"Yeah, me. And you know what? My dad gave me a talking to aft came in all bloody one day. He was short, too, like your dad. 'Look, said to me, 'ever notice it's the little dogs who make all the noise, yip and yapping and snapping, trying to make everybody think they're dogs? And who's fooled?'" He tossed the huge doughnut of a tub Shorty.

Shorty pressed it down into the water tank.

"Well," went on Pint, "I decided I didn't want to be that sort of dog I quit."

"But what can you do when you're short? What can you *be?*"

"Do? Do almost anything. Be almost anything. Try almost anyth Sure, you can't play pro basketball, but who wants that anyway? W would you do after you're forty? The best jobs don't matter if you're sh or tall or fat or thin or ugly or pretty. Take a grease monkey like me. always have a good job, if I do a good job, because the world's not go back to horses. Or be a doctor. Be a lawyer. Be a preacher. Be practic anything. You don't *have* to be a jockey, you know."

"There it is." Shorty spotted the telltale bubbles. Pint deflated the tu dried off the spot, and set to work repairing it.

While he worked Shorty told him about the letter, the "don't worr you'll grow," and the shock of seeing the little man who had never grov "I—I even felt sick," confessed Shorty. "I guess I was putting myself his place, imagining the sort of life he must lead, and feeling ashamed t I was worrying about myself."

Pint shook his head in sympathy. He stopped, waiting for the patch cool. "Do you know what my dad told me?" He stood straight and tap his chest in imitation. "He said, 'Be tall in *here,* and it doesn't matter t you're not a six footer on the outside.' I've never forgotten that."

He finished the patch and replaced the tube in the tire. Shorty watch The words tangled in his mind. "Don't worry, you'll grow," soothed B Means. "Be tall in here and it doesn't matter," said Pint's father.

Pint levered the hub into place. "And about girls," he went on, "you e thought about that little Martin girl that lives across from the station her

"Nancy?" Shorty looked dubiously over at the yellow Martin house. "Sh nice, but she's not very pretty and she's sort of fat."

Pint winked. 'Nothing like a fellow taking interest to make a girl turn retty overnight. Me, I like a little plumpness, but if you don't—" He ırugged. "It just looks to me like this time next year she's going to be a ıockout, and if you were dating her before the other chaps got around to ɔticing, she might—mind you, she might not, too—but she *might* stick to ɔu. My wife did, and she's taller'n me."

"Gosh," said Shorty in surprise. "I never noticed that." He tried to mem seeing Pint and his wife together.

"Well, she knows I don't mind anymore, but sometimes other people rin. Shirley's a great wife—she wears the highest spikes when she's out ith the women and looks terrific. But when we go to church she always ears flats and a little flat hat. And I'll tell you a secret—" he leaned over ıe finished tire, grinning—"I got one good pair of shoes that make me an ıch and a half taller, and I don't care anymore whether I am or not!" He ughed uproariously and Shorty laughed, too.

"As I said, it's lousy being short," said Pint cheerfully, "but there's lots of ıings lousier." He rolled the tire back to the wall. "Now where's the grease un?"

Shorty started out. "Nice talking to you, Pint. Or would you rather— ıther I'd call you—"

"James? No, I'd think you were my mother and mad at me. Pint'll do. ut how about you? What is your real name, anyway?"

"Robert," said Shorty. "But I guess Shorty is okay."

"Well, thanks for the Coke. Thanks for everything."

"That's okay," said Pint. "Give my regards to Buck What's-his-name hen you write him again."

Shorty walked slowly home, kicking snow. A couple of times he stopped, ut his hand on his chest, unconsciously straightened up, as Pint had done.

At his doorstep the newspaper was still there. He booted it into the far ushes.

"That's *that* for Buckley Means," he murmured, and it gave him satis- ıction even though he knew his father would send him searching for the aper before long.

At the door he turned and looked back down the block toward the gas ation. In front of the yellow house across the street Nancy Martin was ıst lifting her bundled little sister into a stroller. He watched while she ranged the tot and started wheeling her down the sidewalk.

"Guess I'll get the shovel," he said, jumping off the step and heading for ıe garage. Dad had told him to get after the snow, and now was as good a me as any to do the front walk. If he hurried, he could invite Nancy's tle sister to play in the snow.—JAY JACKSON

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WHO AM I?

Who am I? They often tell me
I stepped from my cell's confinement
calmly, cheerfully, firmly,
like a Squire from his country house.

Who am I? They often tell me
I used to speak to my wardens
freely and friendly and clearly,
as though it were mine to command.

Who am I? They also tell me
I bore the days of misfortune
equably, smilingly, proudly,
like one accustomed to win.

Am I then really that which other men tell of?
Or am I only what I myself know of myself?
Restless and longing and sick, like a bird in a cage,
struggling for breath, as though hands were compressing my throat,
yearning for colours, for flowers, for the voices of birds,
thirsting for words of kindness, for neighbourliness,
tossing in expectation of great events,
powerlessly trembling for friends at an infinite distance,
weary and empty at praying, at thinking, at making,
faint, and ready to say farewell to it all.

Who am I? This or the Other?
Am I one person today and tomorrow another?
Am I both at once? A hypocrite before others,
and before myself a contemptible woebegone weakling?
Or is something within me still like a beaten army
fleeing in disorder from victory already achieved?

Who am I? They mock me, these lonely questions of mine.
Whoever I am, Thou knowest, O God, I am thine!

—DIETRICH BONHOEFFER